

# WHITEHALL

## Swept and Furnished.

By *A. T.* A Lover of his Countrey.

**R**ouze up my Genius, what art now grown  
dead?  
Or have I lost thee with my Maiden-  
head?  
Or think's *Apollo* to be seen, a sin?  
'Cause *Ireton* wants Hair upon his chin?  
Or did dire *Lawson* and his Crew combine,  
Abhorring Metre, to immerge the *N I N E*?  
That's nor the cause; Thou'st been upon the Rack,  
Since *Titchborn's* Grapes were cheaper sold then Sack.  
Away to Court, and there take but your fill,  
'Tis 'gainst the Proclamation for to swill;  
In spite of all the tribe of Beelzebub,  
Drink off your Wine, and render them the Tub  
To preach in; whose divine ingenuous scent  
Will teach them better Doctrine then they vent.  
Enter there boldly, prithee be not nice,  
But view each parcel of the Edifice,  
And its Inhabitants: View every man,  
From all that's sacred to the Dripping-pan:  
But spare that Majesty, which once but nam'd,  
Would fill more Volumes than the world hath fram'd.  
Now to the Work, and first remove that Lumber,  
Which did the Royal Palace so long cumber;  
*Nol* is marcht off, by this hath had his Doom,  
And for his Bethren now is making room.  
I can't but smile to hear how he now raves,  
That kill'd the Bears, and call'd the Bear-hoods slaves,  
And *Bradshaw* prate, but *Plato* bids, content,  
Sirrah, you are not here my President.  
And *Linx-ey'd Sterry*, who affirm'd of late,  
That Brittish *Nero* now in Heaven sate,

Is a true Prophet, and did guess it well,  
He is in Heaven, if there be no Hell:  
That *Scot*, and *Vane*, and *Hafirigg* will know  
When their deserts shall send them down below,  
Who have so mangled Monor, that we quite  
Have lost distinction 'twixt *Sir Knave* and *Knight*.  
Prodigious *Pack*, and *Harrison*, and *Packer*,  
And *Hewson*, those Varlets Conscience-maker,  
These Mothes of State, and many thousands more,  
Hate Monarchy, as *Martin* loves a Whore:  
Now binde them up and Cart them, here's my Garter,  
Let *Disborow* that Lordship be their Carter.  
The Rout is gone, the Royal Train is come,  
Whose very Breath perfumeh every room,  
And all those places in this Court that were  
A Den of Thieves, is now an House of Prayer.  
Vertue's in fashion, now are come agen,  
And what's as rare, both just and honest men:  
The Vail is taken off which we were under,  
*Joan* and my *Lady* parted are afunder.  
Here's Chastity and Beauty, but one smile  
Would raise a Stoicks spirits forty Mile:  
So free from Vice, their bodies never tri'd,  
Whose mental parts are onely occupi'd.  
The Gentlemen so civil and so just,  
You'd think they wanted Instruments of Lust:  
So honor'd, each S.r-reverence of theirs,  
More Knightship ha's than had all *Oliver's*.  
May you continue vertuous, and my wish  
Shall be Prosperity your chiefeft blis;  
For if you once descend to sordid folly,  
My Paper will grow pale, ink, melancholly.

### PROVERBS 25. 5.

*Take away the wicked from before the King, and his Throne shall be established in Righteousness.*

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